

B&B Tidbit (100 words)

by Zara Wilder

Vital Signs

“Rest. I’ll check on him.”

Father’s eyes closed. He sank back into his medicated haze.

Mary left her exhausted patient, wishing she’d remembered the cave-in’s other survivor on her own. Vincent had gotten hurt too. She should’ve visited him hours ago.

Hurrying to Vincent’s chamber, she found him abed, fast asleep, his hair still damp from his bath. Mary immediately worried that he wasn’t sleeping but comatose, evincing some undiagnosed brain injury. Or suffering shock from internal bleeding. Or something!

He sensed her fearful arrival. Blinking awake, Vincent asked, “Father?”

“No, Father’s fine.”

Compassionately, “And you, Mary?”

She sighed, relieved.